Ped. The Deare was (as you know) ſanguis in blood; a Pomewater, who now hangeth like a Iewell in the eare of *Cœlo* the ſkie; the welken, the heauen, and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoyle, the land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epithithes are ſweetly varied like a ſcholler at the leaſt: but Sir I aſſure ye, it was a Buck of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir, *Nathaniel, haud credo.*

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *oſtentare*, to ſhow as it were his inclination after his vndreſſed, vnpoliſhed, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or ratherest vnconfirmed faſhion, to inſert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dul. I ſaid the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monſter Ignorance, how deformed doſt thou looke.

Nath. Sir, he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not repleniſhed, he is onely an animall, onely ſenſible in the duller parts: and ſuch barren plants are ſet before vs, that we thankfull ſhould be: which we taſte and feeling, are for thoſe parts that fructifie in vs more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiſcreet, or a foole;
So were there a patch ſet on Learning, to ſee him in a Schoole.
But *omne bene* ſay I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dul. You two are booke-men: can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weekes old as yet?

Hol. Dictiſſima good man *Dull*, *Dictiſſima* goodman *Dull.*

Dul. What is *Dictiſſima*?

Nath. A title to *Phœbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone.*

Hol. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no more.
And wrought not to fiue-weekes when he came to fiueſcore.
Th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dul.

Dul. 'Tis true indeed, the Coll
Hol. God comfort thy capacity
Exchange.

Dul. And I ſay the polluſion h
for the Moone is neuer but a mon
'twas a Pricket that the Princeſſe kil

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you he
on the death of the Deare and to hu
Deare, the Princeſſe kill'd the Pric

Nath. Perge, good M. *Holofer*
you to abrogate ſcurilitie.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the

The prayfull Princeſſe pea
a prettie pleaſing Pricke
Some ſay a Sore, but not a
till now made ſore with
The Dogges did yell, put e
then Sorell iumps from t
Or Pricket-ſore, or elſe So
The people fall a hooting
If Sore be ſore, then ell to S
makes fiftie ſores O ſorel
Of one ſore I an hundred m
by adding but one more

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke
talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I haue ſi
trauagant ſpirit, full of formes, figur
apprehenſions, motions, reuolution
ventricle of memorie, nouriſht in th
deliuered vpon the mellowing of oc
in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am

Hol. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you
ners, for their ſonnes are well tutor'd
ters profit very greatly vnder you: yo
common-wealth.

E

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3